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PLUG-IN-PLUG

WITH CLAUDE FUNSTON

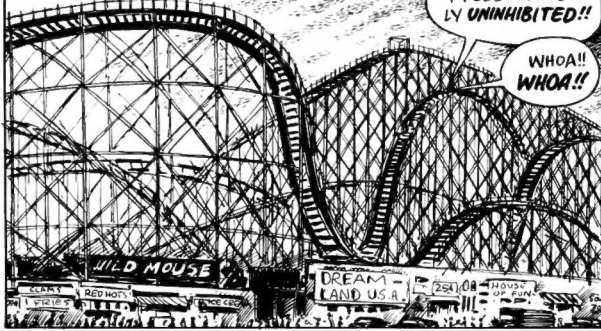




I work at Dizzy's Lounge downtown. I have a lot of daydreams... you know what I mean. Some of them ain't exactly all that enjoyable though.

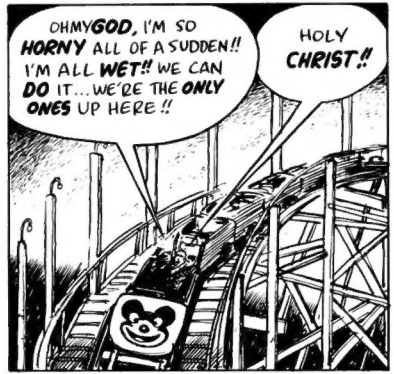


WILD MOUSE



OOOON!! CLAUDE!!
I FEEL COMPLETE-
LY UNINHIBITED!!

WHOA!!
WHOA!!



OHMYGOD, I'M SO
HORNY ALL OF A SUDDEN!!
I'M ALL WET!! WE CAN
DO IT... WE'RE THE ONLY
ONES UP HERE!!

HOLY
CHRIST!!



FASTER, HONEY, FASTER!!
MNNNH!! OH! PUMP IT!!
PUMP IT, HONEY!! OOOH!!
I FEEL LIKE I'M FALL-
LLLLING!!! NNNH!!

WE ARE
FALLIN'!!



WUNH!! DON'T STOP..
DON'T STOP!! HARDER!!
...HARDER!!

YOW!! WE
MUST BE DOIN'
90 MILES
PER HOUR!!



WHOA!!
CLAUDE!! YOU'RE
SLIPPING OUT!!

I DON'T THINK
YOU APPRECIATE
TH' GRAVITY
OF TH' SITUATION,
DARLIN'!!

FLINTIC

Not that I don't get around.... Jeez.... if I told you some of the places I been with good-lookin' women, you'd think I was pullin' your leg.

TRUE Confession

BUT FATHER, IF
YOU'RE TH' VICAR,
WHO'S THAT UP
IN THE PULPIT?



PETER SAID: "ABOVE
ALL THINGS, HAVE
FERVENT LOVE
AMONG YOURSELVES..
AND SO, IF WE....
BLAH-BLAH-BLAH.."

I'M NO PREACHER!
I JUS' CAME IN HERE
T' GRAB A SEAT / WAIT
OUT THAT SANCTIMONIOUS
WINDBAG!! WHAT'RE YOU
DOIN IN HERE? CON-
FESSION AIN'T
UNTIL LATER!

WELL, JEEZIS, I
JUST GOTTA TELL SOME
ONE ABOUT MY SINS
OR I'LL DIE!! I'VE
BEEN REAL BAD!!



OH
YEH?

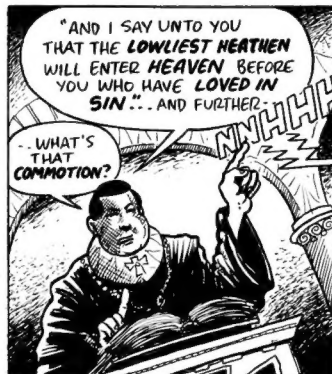


FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER ---

YEH? AN'
THEN WHAT
DID THEY DO?

WELL, I WAS ON ALL
FOURS... I FELT A
SENSATION LIKE A
GRILLED FRANK
ENTERING
MY....

WELL, IT
ENTERED
SOMEWHERE!



"AND I SAY UNTO YOU
THAT THE LOWLIEST HEATHEN
WILL ENTER HEAVEN BEFORE
YOU WHO HAVE LOVED IN
SIN... AND FURTHER

..WHAT'S
THAT
COMMOTION?

NYHHHHH!!



FATHER!!
IT'S A MIRACLE!!
THE CONFSSIONAL
JUST MOANED
AND FELL OVER!!

THUNK!!

Surprise Package



TONIGHT, AROUND ELEVEN, I WAS HUSTLING, AS USUAL, IN FRONT OF THE RIALTO, WHEN THIS DRUNK WALKS UP TO ME . . .



WE WENT BOWLING FIRST—IT WAS HIS IDEA... THIS GUY WAS A REAL HICK!



I FIGURED THE JERK WAS A BIT NAIVE, BUT, WHEN WE GOT TO THE MOTEL . . .



I'M TELLIN' YOU, LESTER, I'VE HAD IT WITH THIS GODDAMN BUSINESS..



I'm the kinda guy that really knows how to kick loose. . . . Of course, a person can't expect to be totally enjoyin' theirselves every single minute.



SOLO ACT



"SUZY IS STRONG-WILLED AND INDEPENDENT. SHE OPENLY ENJOYS SEX... 'I DON'T SEE ANYTHING WRONG WITH BEING HORNY ALL THE TIME', SHE SAYS..."



"SHE LIKES TO GIVE AND RECEIVE ORAL GRATIFICATION. 'I GUESS I'M JUST AN ORAL SORT OF A PERSON', SAYS SUZY. 'I EVEN WATCH ORAL ROBERTS!'"



"SUZY'S SIGN IS VIRGO. HER GOAL IS 'TO BE SUPER-GOOD TO MY BODY'. TURN-ONS INCLUDE 'FISH 'N CHIPS' & ELVIS IMITATORS. TURN-OFFS ARE 'OATMEAL AND PSYCHOPATHS'..."



"HER FAVORITE T.V. SHOW IS 'FAMILY FEUD'... LAST BOOK READ IS 'THE AYATOLLAH AND I'... FAVORITE FOOD IS 'CLAMS WITH BOSCO' ('I KNOW IT'S ICKY BUT I LOVE IT!')"

UNH!!



"DREAM MAN: A SHORT, STOCKY, HAIRLESS AUSTRIAN PHYSICIST WITH A SWISS BANK ACCOUNT AND A DONG THE SIZE OF A BOWLING PIN..."

CHFFT!

A little while ago I began havin' these dreams. I must be one of the horniest guys in the whole goddamn world. Probably hornier than Burt Reynolds.



MOUNTING SHEEP

UNH!!

..497.6, 498.3, 499.2, 521.6...

CHEAP ELECTRONIC CALCULATOR



BAH-H-H!!

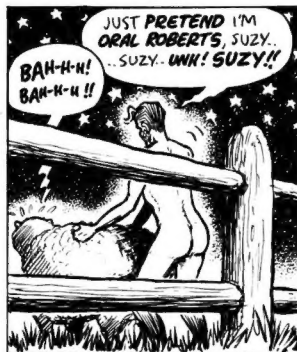
NNH...



THIS SHEEP IS SO FLUFFY... AND WARM...

NICE SUZY.

...I WONDER WHAT IT'S FAVORITE T.V. SHOW IS.



JUST PRETEND I'M ORAL ROBERTS, SUZY. SUZY... UNH! SUZY!!

BAH-H-H!!

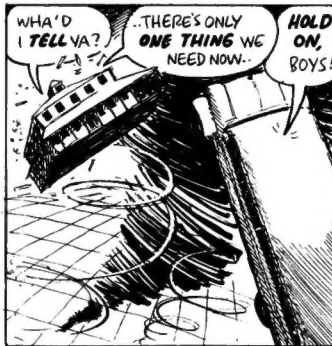


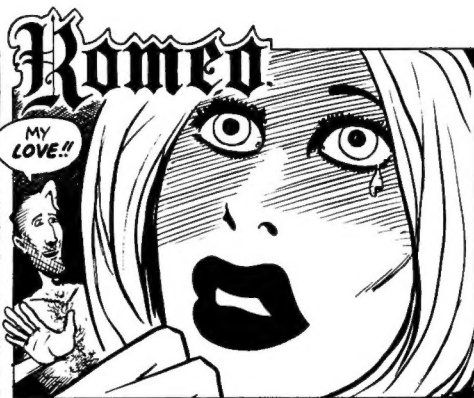
SU...ZY...

ZZZZ

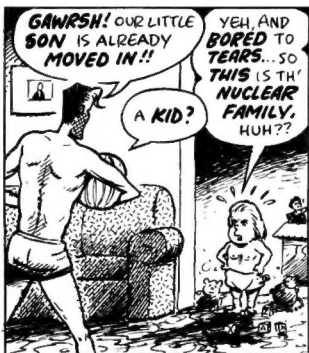


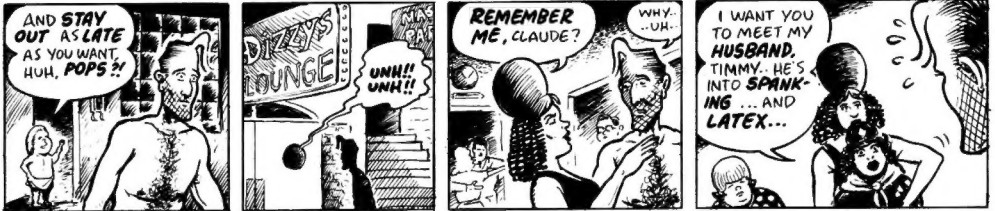
After a time, I began actually preferin' the dreams to bein' awake. I stopped goin' down to Dizzy's. I started sleepin' more.





Sometimes, I try to figure 'em out. But it just gets me mixed-up. After all, everyone dreams, don't they? Hell, I'm just as normal as any other guy.





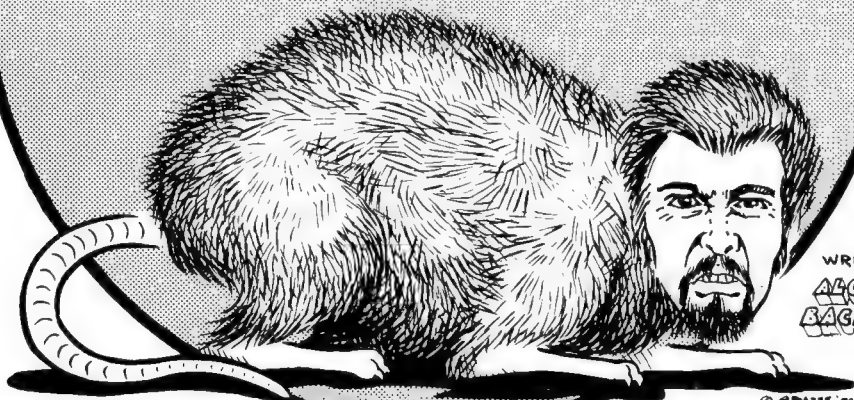
I don't know...
 if I find the right gal, I'd like to open up a nice Adult Bookstore right next to Dizzy's Lounge.



AN "R. CRUMB" TYPE
"SELF EXPOSE"

MY TRUE Story

"EMBARASSING PERSONAL
DETAILS"



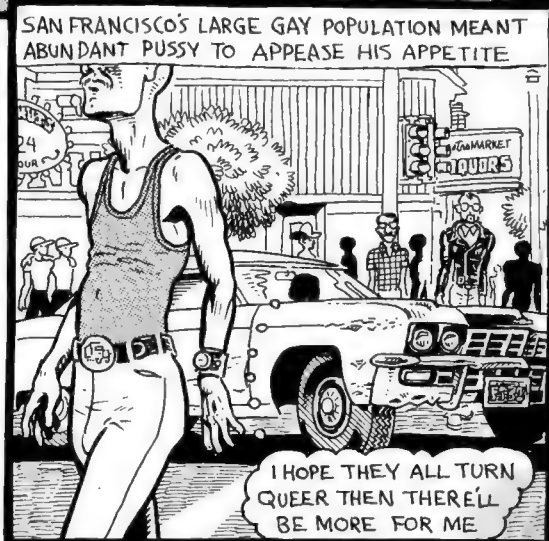
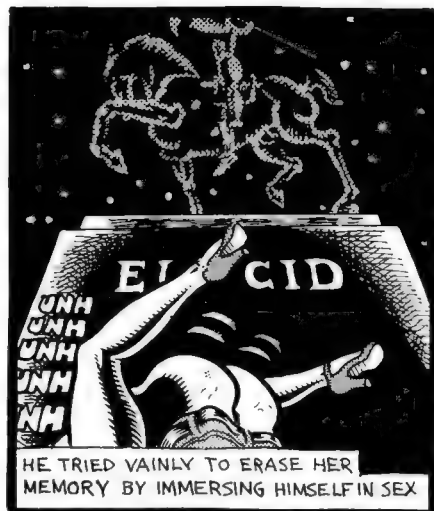
WRITTEN BY
**ALGERNON
BAGWASH**

AN "AM WHAT THE FUN?"
PRODUCTION

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NOT THAT SHE
WASN'T A SEXY
LITTLE BITCH
HERSELF

MEW

THERE YOU
GO SPAIN,
CAMPING IT
UP AGAIN

SHE WAS ALSO INTELLIGENT, PERCEPTIVE AND FUNNY

SEE THAT GUY? I HATE THAT GUY, I
HATE GUYS WHO DRIVE CARS LIKE THAT
I'VE ALWAYS HATED GUYS WHO DRIVE
CARS LIKE THAT

VERY FUNNY
VERY FUNNY

CHRIST I CAN'T GET
AWAY WITH NUTIN'



THEN THERE WAS THE ONE HE CARRIED A
TORCH FOR, FOR YEARS

I..UH...JUST
WANT TO BE
FRIENDS

CAN I GET SOME
"LEG" OFF YOU
ANYWAY?

SIGH!

DID HE FEEL GUILTY ABOUT ANY OF THIS?

NO, NOT REALLY THIS WAY SHE'S HAPPY BELIEVING WHAT SHE DOES AND I'M HAPPY DOING WHAT I DO, LIFE DOESN'T ALWAYS FOLLOW AN IDEAL PATTERN. CIRCUMSTANCE CASTS SOME OF US AS RODENTS



A FEW TIMES, HE TRIED TO BREAK UP WITH HER ONCE HE CAME TO SEE HER AFTER A FEW MONTHS



THEY WENT BACK TOGETHER SHORTLY AFTERWARD

THE DREAM: SHE WAS LIVING WITH HER PARENTS AND HE HAD COME TO SEE HER

HI IS SHE IN THERE?

AH...YES... HOWEVER



WHEN SHE CAME OUT SHE WAS VISIBLY EMBARRASSED. THERE WAS SOME OTHER GUY IN HER ROOM

HE GOT UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AND LEFT THE WOMAN HE WAS SLEEPING WITH



WHERE YA GOIN'?

OH... HI SPAIN

I GOT SOME BUSINESS I GOTTA TAKE CARE OF

SHE FINALLY HAD ENOUGH OF HIM AND DECIDED TO MOVE TO EUROPE

SOME DAY YOU'RE GOING TO GET ONE OF THOSE TOUGH GIRLS YOU LIKE SO MUCH AND YOU'LL SEE HOW SHE TREATS YOU

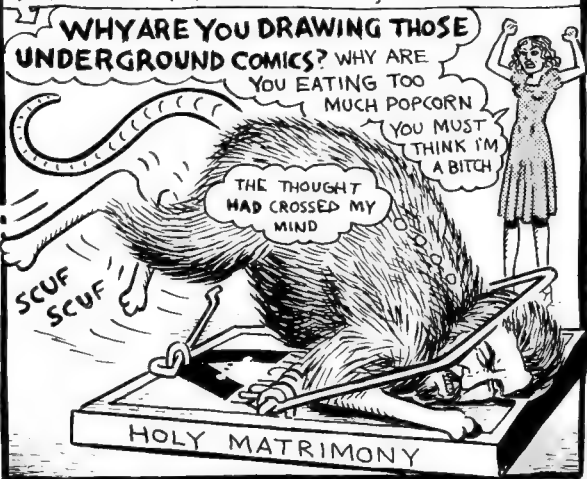


SURE ENOUGH A FEW MONTHS LATER, THE RAT GETS HIS

WHY ARE YOU DRAWING THOSE UNDERGROUND COMICS? WHY ARE YOU EATING TOO MUCH POPCORN

YOU MUST THINK I'M A BITCH


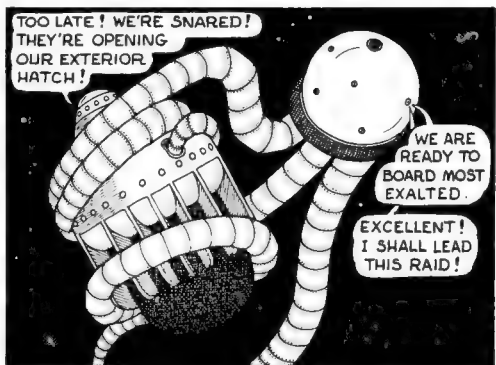
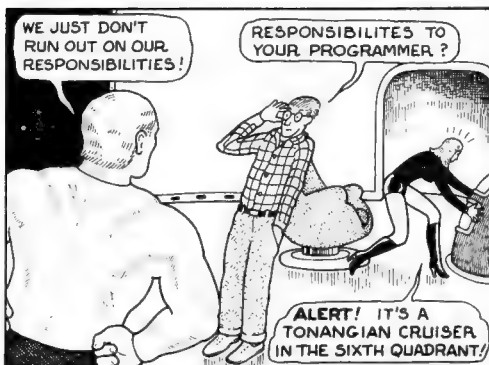
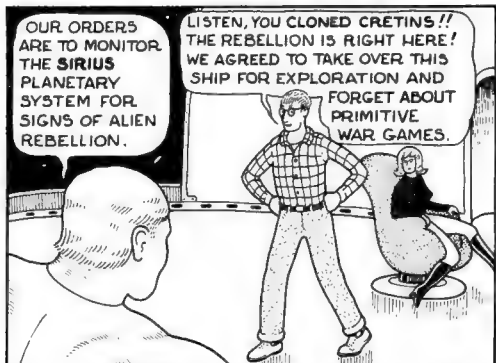
THE THOUGHT HAD CROSSED MY MIND

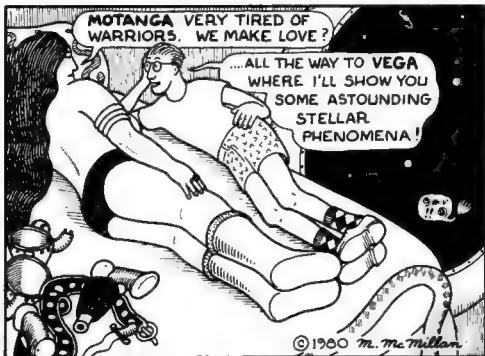
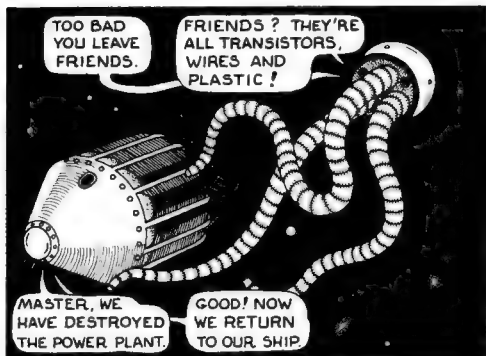
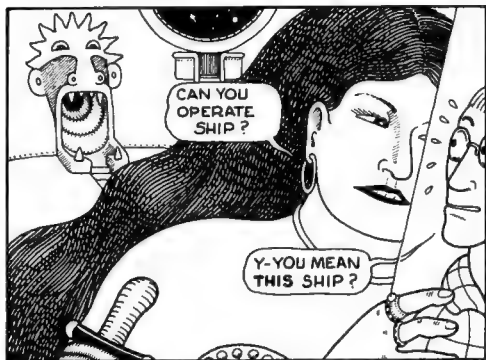
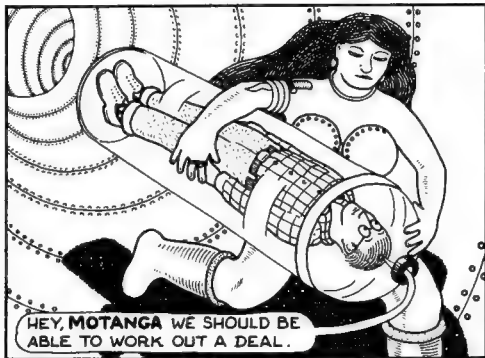
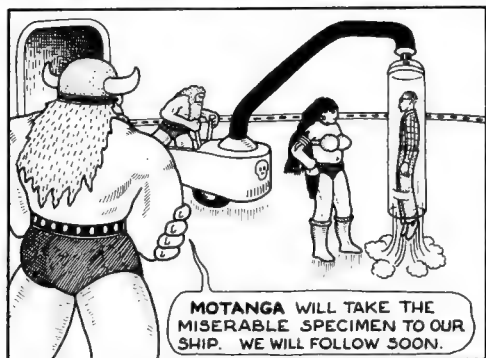
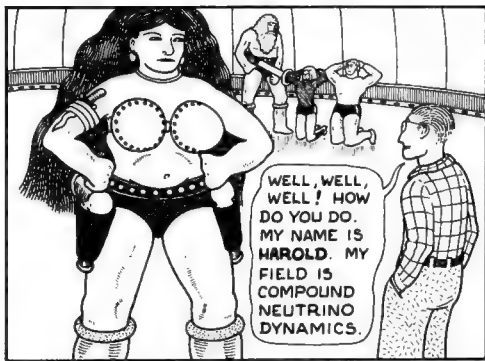
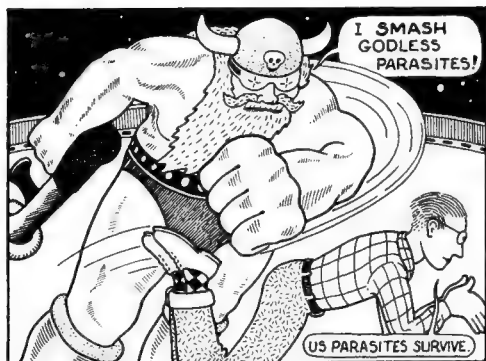


HAROLD WISEGUY

IN

ABDUCTION DEDUCTION

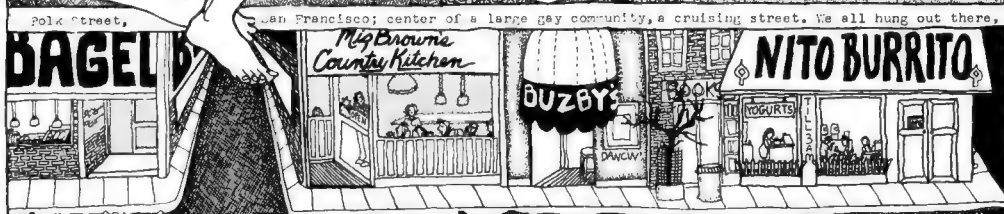





MARY THE MINOR

MARY BECOMES A CONSENTING ADULT WITH NOT MUCH TO CONSENT TO. 1980 ©

by PHOEBE GLOECKNER



on corners, in coffee shops. Gay or strait, we were looking for drugs, sex, money, or companionship in our loneliness.



The kids would hit the street when the sun set. Cruisin' up and down Polk, it was cool to run into everyone you knew...

When I was 17, the future seemed more frightening than death. I was crumpled & disillusioned. I left Pacific Heights & ran to Polk St. where life was dark & wild.



I must have taken over 8 qualudes that night. Like a fool in love, I trusted Tabatha unquestioningly. Innocent, ignorant, and incoherent, I followed her to a

seedy Tenderloin hotel, where I passed out immediately. I was raped while unconscious by a black man with whom Tabatha had traded my body for drugs...I awoke in pain,



little suspecting Tabatha's evil collusion. Still feeling a bit pale from the previous night's activities, I numbly followed Tabatha to the next port-of-

call, a sleazy junkie's crash-pad. One day and a night had passed since I had left home, but going back was the last thing on my mind.



I 'shot up' some crystalline methedrine amphetamine. Sounds like fun, but I wasn't sure what hit me....



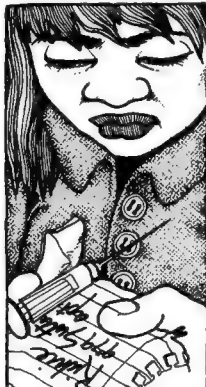
I blacked out for awhile. I'm not sure how long it was before I became aware of my surroundings. I was in the backseat of a big car. It was dark. Apparently Tabatha



had tired of me. They let me off on a downtown corner. I wandered through the streets, oblivious of time. A vague sense of being pursued kept me moving.



I skittered around town for awhile, and soon found myself in a small Chinese grocery. Confused and irrational, I felt compelled to buy a box of crayons. I don't know why. Upon opening my change purse, I was surprised to



find a hypodermic needle, 3 grams of meth, and my friend Richie's address. I guess Tabatha had put them without my knowing. My paranoia mounted as I started out once again onto the desolate streets. I decided to go to Richie's.



Richie is a teenage prostitute and lives in a luxury apt. with 6 other similarly employed boys. A plump, alcoholic, middle-aged pimp pays the rent. Richie lent me some make-up and clothes and let me stay with him for three days.



He made it clear that he didn't approve of drugs, so I discreetly snorted my speed in the bathroom. I didn't know how to use the needle. It was at Richie's house that I met Randy, a 'chicken' fag, an old man's naive plaything.



MEANWHILE.....



Meanwhile, I heard rumors that my mother had been looking for me on Polk Street. So far, she hadn't gotten any leads. Randy was only 11. We had a lot in common and soon became close friends. We were both runaways, and we were both

screwed up. We took a walk down by Ocean Beach one day and talked and got high. Randy dissolved the rest of the methedrine in a can of Coca-Cola and we split it. We decided to find a place to live where we wouldn't be pres-



sured. Randy didn't want to hustle anymore and neither of us wanted to go back home. I think we almost loved each other in a way... He gave me a poem he wrote before I went to say good-bye to Richie. We made plans to meet again in an hour.

Streets
I ran away from home
I went to the streets
I was all alone,
I hung around with craps
Now I'm writing a poem
I'm turning into a freak
I am very cheap.
By Randy



However, when I got to Richie's, my mother was there with a detective. She didn't seem happy to see me. She was still the same old bitch she always was. In fact, she wouldn't even let me tell Randy that I couldn't meet him.

We drove home in the detective's car. I read Randy's poem and thanked the Lord that I was still high. I decided to keep the needle - it would remind me that I must soon escape again.

ON APRIL 18, 1988 THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION ON BLOFELD STREET IN JERSEY CITY. FROM THAT DAY FORWARD THOUSANDS WOULD HAVE TO FIND NEW WAYS TO SURVIVE.

FREAKS'AMOUR

WE ARE PLAYING NEWLYWEDS ON CALIBAN'S NIGHT. IN JUST SHORT OF FIVE WEEKS WE'D PERFORMED *FREAKS'AMOUR* SIXTY THREE TIMES — IN KANSAS, MISSOURI, MINNESOTA, MICHIGAN, INDIANA, KENTUCKY AND NOW, FINALLY, IN OHIO. TOLEDO. REENI AND ME IN WEDDING LIVERY AND PONDEROUS MASKS OF PAPIER-MACHÉ.



—FROM THE
NOVEL BY
TOM DE HAVEN
by permission
G. PANTER
© 1980.

SUDDENLY: A CHAOS OF FIERY LIGHTS. WE SHIELD OUR FACES WE EFFERVESCE AND DISSOLVE.



JERK-JERKILY I STRAIGHTEN AND SLOWLY LIFT THE MASK FROM MY HEAD, STARE UNMOVED AT ITS PRINCELY FEATURES.



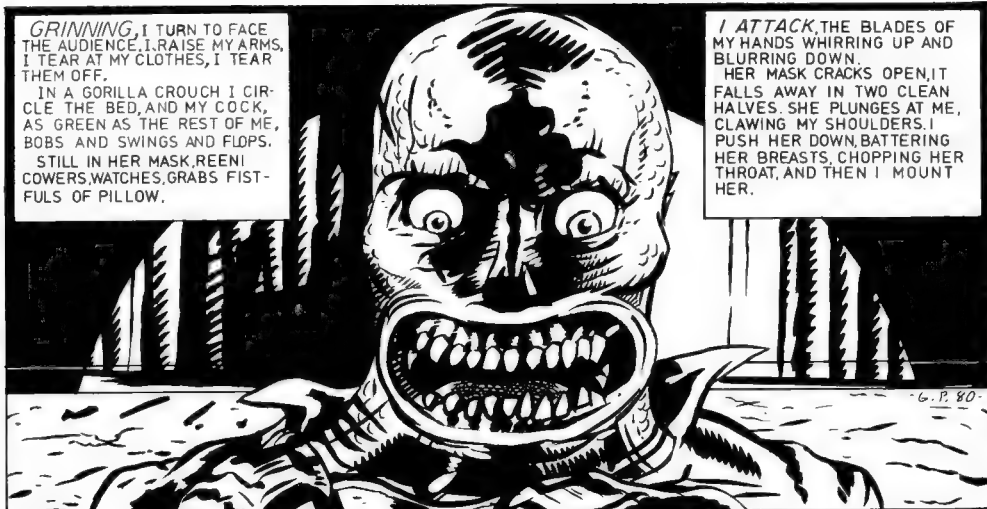
GRINNING, I TURN TO FACE THE AUDIENCE, I RAISE MY ARMS, I TEAR AT MY CLOTHES, I TEAR THEM OFF.

IN A GORILLA CROUCH I CIRCLE THE BED, AND MY COCK, AS GREEN AS THE REST OF ME, BOBS AND SWINGS AND FLOPS.

STILL IN HER MASK, REENI COWERS, WATCHES, GRABS FISTFULS OF PILLOW.

I ATTACK, THE BLADES OF MY HANDS WHIRRING UP AND BLURRING DOWN.

HER MASK CRACKS OPEN, IT FALLS AWAY IN TWO CLEAN HALVES. SHE PLUNGES AT ME, CLAWING MY SHOULDERS. I PUSH HER DOWN, BATTERING HER BREASTS, CHOPPING HER THROAT, AND THEN I MOUNT HER.



HOWLS AND BLOODSHED, BOTH SIMULATED AND REAL. FREAKS' AMOUR...



THE HOUSELIGHTS WOBBLLED BACK UP...RAUCOUS LAUGHTER, FLATULENT JEERS AND CURSES LIKE CRACKLING BOLTS OF COOKING GREASE. WE TOOK A FINAL BOW. NOBODY APPLAUDED.



RECENTLY, WE'D HAD TOO MANY ARGUMENTS. REENI WOULD DECLARE SHE WANTED TO RETIRE THE RAPE SHOW ONCE OUR TOUR ENDED. I'D RESPOND ANGRILY, ASK IF SHE WANTED TO BE A FREAK ALL HER LIFE.



"GO TO HELL," AND THEN, USUALLY, SHE'D GO DIRECTLY THERE HERSELF, TO HELL, FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS—AFTER EATING THE YOLK OF A DEATH EGG.

I WAS STIPPLING A CHIPPED EYE-BROW ON THE GROOMHEAD WHEN SOMEBODY TAPPED ON THE DRESSING-ROOM DOOR.

"IT'S VILLER, FISHDICK, GOT A FEW MINUTES?"

"MY WIFE IS SLEEPING."

"COME ON DOWN TO MY OFFICE THEN."

VILLER'S OFFICE WAS CRAMPED AND STALE-AIRED, EVERYWHERE, MODEL SPACE STATIONS AND ORBITING BOMBERS RESTED ON PLASTIC BASES OR HUNG FROM THE CEILING ON PICTURE WIRE.

"THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL, DON'T YOU THINK?"

I NODDED, NOTICING THE PROGENY OF LENIN TURNING SLOWLY ON ITS WIRE.

"THAT WAS THE GREATEST!"

"AND FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD, ONE OF THE SCARIEST."

"NOW EVERYBODY'S GOT 'EM FLOATING AROUND UP THERE!"

HE SMILED.

I GAZED AT THE MODEL OF A CHINESE ORBITER—A SILVER RETICULATED DRAGON.

YOU
WORRY
MUCH
?

WHAT ABOUT ?

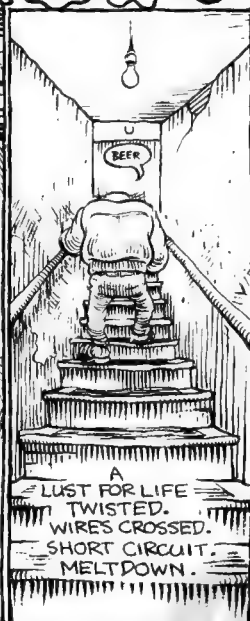
THE END OF THE WORLD.

NO...
NOT ABOUT
THAT.





MONKEY LUST



THERE'S SO MUCH TO CHOOSE FROM.. AND SO FEW CHOICES. HE'S FOUND- ERING IN A POOL ON THE MUDFLATS. THE RECEEDING TIDE HAS LEFT HIM AWASH IN A STINKING, SLIMEY HOLE..



BUT WHAT'S THAT SMELL LIKE FISH, OH BABY?



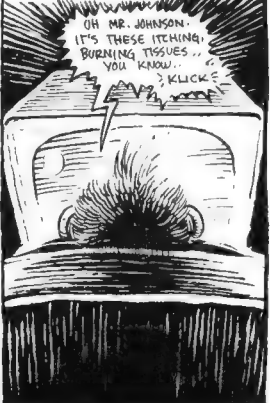
HOW MANY TIMES DOES HE HAVE TO GO THRU THIS SHIT? CERTAINLY A "NORMAL" RELATIONSHIP IS OUT OF THE QUESTION..



THE MOST HE HOPES FOR IS MOMENTARY TITILLATION. SOMETHING HE CAN FOCUS ON FOR TEN SECONDS OR LESS ... THE SOOTHING DRONE OF THE TV SET WILL WASH HIS CHARRED PSYCHE CLEAN. NO FEELING ... NO PAIN..



THE MOST POSITIVE FUTURE HE CAN CONJURE IS A LIFE FREE OF IRRITATION..



BUT THE AIR WAVES ARE FULL OF BAD VIBRATIONS.. ELECTROMAGNETIC ICONS ARE EVERYWHERE..



THE MEDIA IS OUR NEW RELIGION.. OUR GODDESSES ARE AIRBRUSHED FOLDOUTS.. OUR GODS ARE MARLBORO SMOKING OLYMPIANS.. FOOTBALL COWBOYS.. WHITE TOOTHED FLASHES OF MEAT BLAZING IN A QUICK FLIRT WITH GLORY.. ON A FAST TRIP TO THE SLAG HEAP..





..AN AGING APE
HOPELESSLY
TANGLED UP
IN THE YOUTH
CULTURE...
HOO BOY!



HIS DESTINY SHAPED
BY HIS CONDIT-
IONING...

PUFF-
PANT
GASP...



THE NET PRODUCT
PACKAGED UP AND SOLD
TO HIM IN NICKLE
BAGS BY THE
PUSHER MAN.

TAKE THIS
TO FUNKY
TOWN!



..AND HE'S BOUGHT IT IN
SPITE OF HIMSELF. NO
WONDER HE'S BURNT OUT.
CAPS ON YOUR TEETH AND
HAIR IMPLANTS AREN'T
GONNA HELP VERY MUCH.
BAD AND?

GREGOR'S
NEWEST
VIRILE
IMAGE.



HIS COMPLICATED EXIST-
ENCE IS THE DANCE OF
A DISCARDED CIGARETTE
PACKAGE BLOWING IN
THE GUTTER.



A CRUMPLED, USELESS RE-
MINDER OF A LIFE ALREADY
BURNED.. OH, WELL..
GET OUT THERE AND FIGHT
AND FUCK, GREGOR.

HI THERE!
WANT A "DATE"?

HOW MUCH?



HIS ACTIONS ARE PUPPET RAVINGS..
NASTY MANIFESTATIONS OF THE PAT-
TERNING DESIGNED TO ADVANCE HIS
GENETIC CODE INTO INFINITY...

HOWDY DODDY BROTHER!
PERHAPS YOU'D CARE TO IN-
DULGE IN A LITTLE
REORGANIZING?

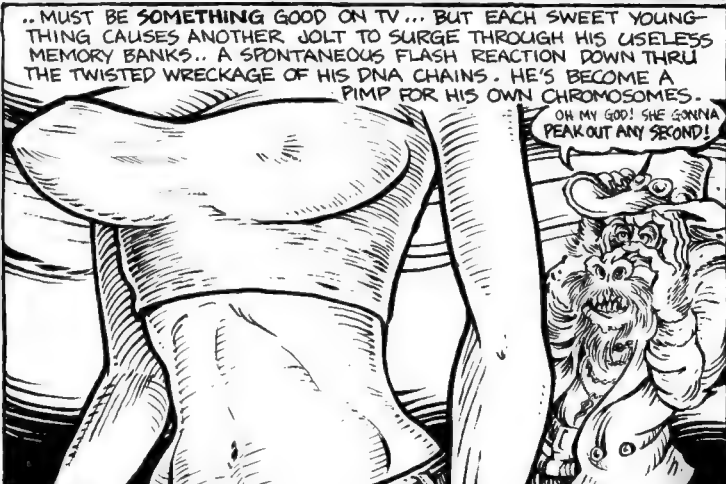
WELL DON'T YOU
TAKE YOUR FILTHY PAW
OFF ME BECAUSE I GET A
HURRYUP TO BREAK
YOUR ARMS

I AM BUT A MUCK
FOR MY SEED



YOUR REASON FOR LIV-
ING ENDED WITH A
SPURT 15 YEARS AGO,
GREGOR.

INSTEAD OF GETTING
BETTER, IT'S GOTTEN
WORSE.



..MUST BE SOMETHING GOOD ON TV... BUT EACH SWEET YOUNG-
THING CAUSES ANOTHER JOLT TO SURGE THROUGH HIS USELESS
MEMORY BANKS.. A SPONTANEOUS FLASH REACTION DOWN THRU
THE TWISTED WRECKAGE OF HIS DNA CHAINS. HE'S BECOME A
PIMP FOR HIS OWN CHROMOSOMES.

OH MY GOD! SHE GONNA
PEAK OUT ANY SECOND!



STUPID CUPID

with

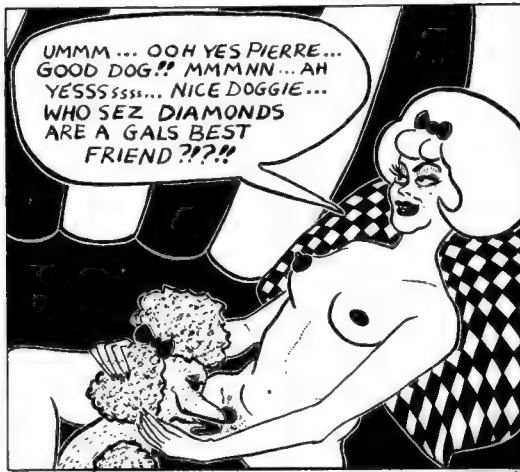
DiDi Glitz



©1990
Diane
Noonin



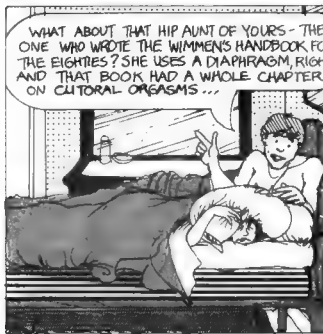




The Trouble with Good Taste



Mary Wilson ©1980





MAYBE I WAS TOO OLD-FASHIONED. I WANTED MY GIRLS TO HAVE THE BEST MARRIAGES MONEY COULD BUY. ALL THREE OF THEIR DADDIES THOT IT WAS CUTE THAT THE GIRLS NEVER LIKED ANY-ONE BUT EACH OTHER BUT THEY CHANGED THEIR MINDS LATER WHEN THEY SAW EXACTLY HOW INDE- PENDENT OUR GIRLS WANTED TO BE! THEY'D GIVE ANYTHING NOW TO SEE OUR BABIES DRESS IN SATINS AND LACE... MAYBE OUR STORY CAN HELP SOME OTHER MISERABLE PARENTS.

IT STARTED IN KINDERGARTEN



OTHER PAREMYS BEGAN TO COMPLAIN....





THEN, IN JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL



BROKEN RIBS WERE COMMON.



THEY WERE THE TERROR OF THE SKATING RINK!



NONE OF THEM EVER SEEMED TO GO STEADY. THEY WENT TO THE HIGH SCHOOL PROM BY THEMSELVES AND THREW ROCKS AT THE KIDS IN CONVERTIBLES!

AFTER HIGH SCHOOL, THEY BEGGED TO BE ALLOWED TO ATTEND A RADICAL WOMENS' COLLEGE. THEIR DADS WERE GUNG-HO ON THE BABIES ACHIEVING INDIVIDUALITY... SO... OFF THEY WENT!



CARDS AND PHOTOS KEPT US ABREAST OF STUDIES AND FESTIVITIES.



Rah! Rah! sm! boom! bah!
here's us on the football field.



Don't be scared Mom! We're only pretending to be drunk!
Love Mitzi, Lessee and Pradua!



Mom, do you think you could send some money for groceries?
This is Mitzi cooking a squirrel.

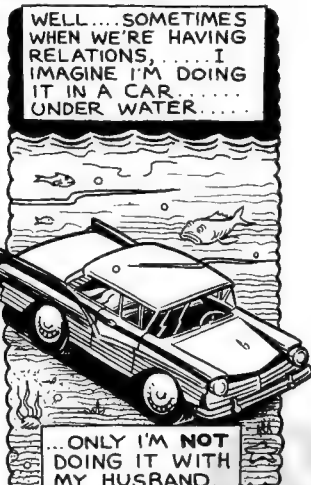
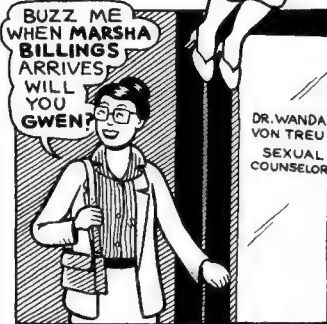
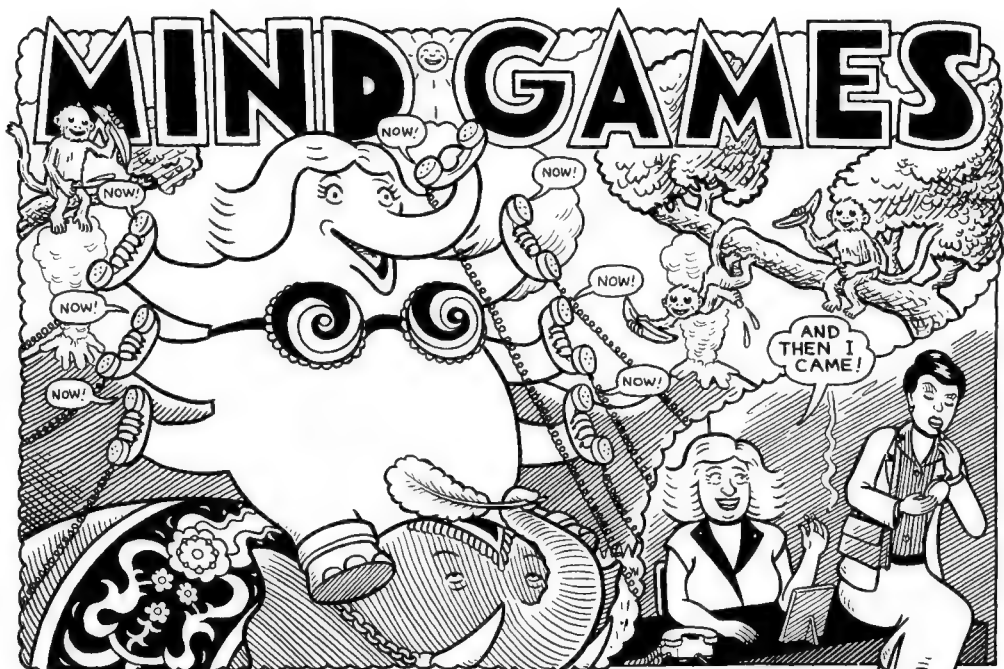
IT WAS TRIXIE'S LAST YEAR, MITZI'S THIRD AND PHOEBE'S FIRST IN SCHOOL, WHEN TRAGEDY STRUCK OUR LIVES. MITZI'S DAD WAS KNIFED BY AN INSANE KITTY AT THE KIT-KAT KLUB. MY DARLINGS RUSHED HOME TO PAY RESPECTS. IT MUST'VE BEEN AN UGLY REALITY TO YOUNG EYES.

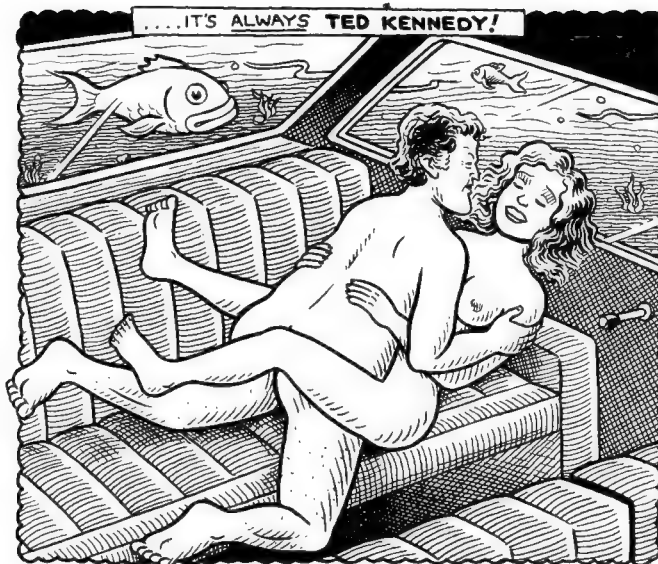


BUT HOW IS A MOTHER TO KNOW HOW TRULY DELICATE A CHILD'S MIND CAN BE? AFTER ALL, THE WORLD CAN BE A PRETTY SAVAGE PLACE. IT'S NOT THAT I THINK THE KIDS ARE COWARDLY...

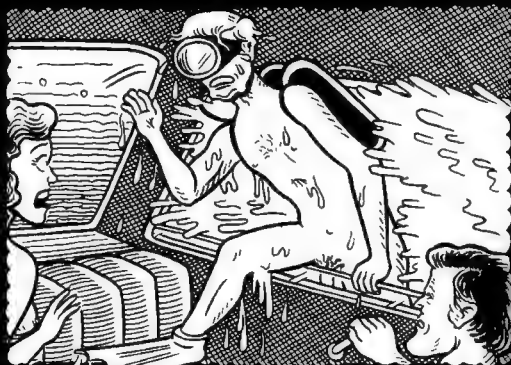
I JUST WISH THEY WOULD'VE AT LEAST DATED SOME BOYS BEFORE DECIDING TO QUIT SCHOOL AND COMMIT THEMSELVES TO A THREE WAY MARRIAGE... TO EACH OTHER!







BUT WAIT A MINUTE! WHO'S THIS?



WHY IT'S REP. JOHN ANDERSON!



AND SOON...



BUT NOT TOO SOON....



AH AH! OOOOH!
OOH! OH! OOOOH!

MARSHA! ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

AND! HOW!
THANKS TO
DR. VON TREU



Kern Deitch

©1980

I want you to **KNOW**

MY HEAD IS CURLING

UPWARDS FAST

as in a dream

WHAT KIND OF DREAM IS THIS
AND WHO are these PEOPLE



WHAT ABOUT THIS **PLACE** ?

THIS SUDDEN PAIR
OF SHOES ?

THIS SMILE
WHERE ONE
DOES NOT
BELONG ?



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THIS SMILE
WHERE ONE
DOES NOT
BELONG?



AND FOR STAY-AT-HOMES TOO, LIKE ME



I NEVER
LEAVE MY
HOUSE



I'D RATHER STAY AT HOME
WATCHING THE FISH TANK
IN A DREAM...



THE END



Now in Berlin, 20 years later, Fate and Agency assignments had thrown us together again. While the Cold War sizzled we found ourselves...

Under (the) covers



GLORIA'S MY NAME AND WEST BERLIN'S MY ZONE... BERLIN, WHERE EAST MEETS WEST, BOY MEETS GIRL, AND THE NIGHT IS SIX MONTHS LONG!



BRUNO WAS MY CASE OFFICER. HIS COVER: PSYCHOANALYST TO THE RICH.



MY COVER? MUD! - WRESTLING, THAT IS!



YOU CAN PICK UP A LOT OF DIRT WHEN YOU'RE MUD WRESTLING...



AND THE RIGHT KIND OF DIRT IS A SECRET AGENT'S MEAL-TICKET!



SOON

AND THEN THIS FUNNY-LOOKING MAN, SMOKING A CIGAR, SAID THAT THE "ITEMS" HAVE "WRITHED" AND ARE NOW "NEUTERED" AND "WELL-STOCKED" - I'M SURE IT'S SOME KIND OF CODE! DON'T YOU THINK SO BRUNO??



YES, MY LOVE FOR BRUNO WAS HARDLY CLASSIFIED INFORMATION - YET HE DIDN'T WANT TO KNOW...

HONEY, YOU CAN'T HAVE FORGOTTEN OUR FIRST AFFAIR BEHIND THOSE BOOK CARTONS?... PERHAPS NOW WE CAN BEGIN AGAIN!?



THE ONLY SHOULDER I COULD CRY ON BELONGED TO MY BEST FRIEND, NAOMI - PART-TIME ART CRITIC AND FULL-TIME MOSSAD* AGENT...

OH NAOMI... I LOVE HIM SO MUCH, BUT HE JUST WON'T LET HIMSELF GO!

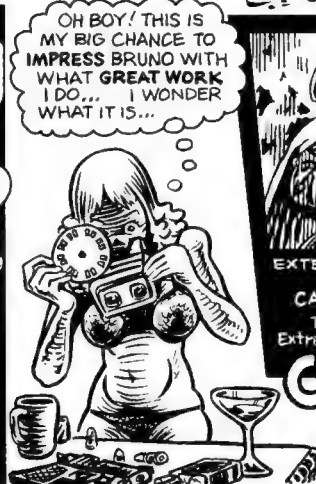


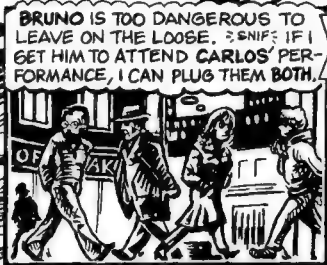




THAT NIGHT, CLOSED OFF FROM THE WORLD, WE WEREN'T SPIES OR SPOOKS — JUST A MAN AND A WOMAN SPEAKING THE ANCIENT LANGUAGE OF LOVE ...

YES, BRUNO WAS NOW NEARLY MINE FOREVER... I COULD ALMOST TASTE IT...







MIDNIGHT WAS DARK AND CLEAR AT THE WALL AS THE CROWD OF LOYAL ART PATRONS GATHERED EXPECTANTLY...



I WAS STILL SCANNING THE CROWD AS CARLOS BEGAN...

I WANT TO THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING TO THIS AESTHETIC EXPERIENCE...



WITH THIS PERFORMANCE I INTEND TO INITIATE WORLD-WIDE 'JIHAD' (HOLY WAR) BY EXPOSING AND KILLING ALL NON-ISLAMIC SECRET AGENTS IN THIS CROWD!



NOTICE THE ACTIVE DECONSTRUCTION OF THE PERFORMER/AUDIENCE BOUNDARY AND THE SUDDEN ALTERATION OF SPACE/TIME PERCEPTIONS...!!

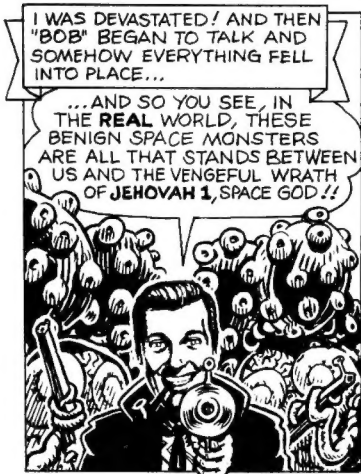
LEMMIE OUTA HERE!! WAHNSINNIQ!

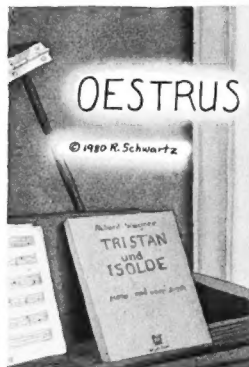


SCHWACH IM KOPF!

RUN! RUN!







Mild und leise,
wie er lächelt,
wie das Auge
hold er öffnet,-



seht ihr's Freunde? Säh'tt ihr's nicht?
Immer lichter wie er-oh- I can't
do it!

You mustn't be so
suggestible, Grace.



How dare Alex promise them the
Liebestod! I told him Wagner was
out of the question. I'm too young to
sing Wagner.

An isolated aria for
a benefit performance
really, Grace.



I'm not a machine! I feel all this
music very deeply. Verdi, Puccini-
these are the limit. Wagner is
too much to ask!

You must think
of something be-
sides Tristan
while you're
singing.



I should maybe think of how much
I pay for this idiotic advice - yes
Arlene?

Telephone, Ma'am. It's Mr.
Whistler.

I won't
speak to him.

I will.



...they can't afford to argue with
her. She might back out. Of course,
no one will tell her she sounds aw-
ful- too old. But
no one cares. Tell
Grace I'm sorry.



Alex heard from Karl. He says Edda
Brandt insists she's doing the
Liebestod or nothing at all.



Well! That settles that. Let's
celebrate with the Donizetti.
Nobody could get
emotional about
Lucrasia Borgia.
It's the silliest
opera there is.



Where?

My part of the duet, starting
Infelice: imagine,
bevi, e parti-
OK-



Infelice! Il veleno
bevesti. Non far
motto.



trafitto cad-
res-ti-ah-



Arlene, get some brandy.



The End

